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Beauty.

THERE is beauty in the landscape,
There is beauty in the sea,
In the ways of man's endeavor,
In the toiling of the bee.

Oh, 'tis beauty that transcending
Points beyond these earthly kins,
Just beyond the realm of finite,
Where the Infinite begins.

LEO FAUROT, '09.



The Christian Theory of Education.

(First Prize Essay.)

WE are all quite familiar with the function of the railroad frog. A small lever moves the rail at the frog, perhaps one half inch, and by this simple device two trains are turned to their destinies, perhaps thousands of miles apart. Similarly a seemingly insignificant point in the philosophy of any branch of human endeavor leads to very different results. Such is preeminently the case in the philosophy or the theory of education. The results that are to be obtained in drawing out the latent faculties of man vary widely on account of the initial philosophy by which the origin of man and his destiny are explained. The main differences occur in what may be classed under two theories.

There is a theory that man is the result of evolution; that originally he was a species of simple cells of a somewhat superior quality; that these cells were looked upon as a delicacy by the huge monsters of the brute kingdom. As a protection these tiny beings took to the treetops, and there in fear and trembling looked down upon the monsters that howled and gnashed their teeth with rage. This race of cells had begun to feel quite secure in their new habitation, when the necessity of getting down to earth in search of food involved a difficulty which the cell-man in his first impulse did not foresee. Happily for us this difficulty was the real cause that raised the man-cell superior to the rest of the animal kingdom. From the midst of difficulties and yawning destruction came the crowning glory of the race. By devising ways and means of getting down to earth in search of food, an intelligence was developed, and the result is man, the king of creation, surpassing all by reason of his intellect. Thus man was first found an inhabitant of the trees not unlike our mimicking ancestors who still cling to the old abode.

Thus, too, man became a hunter, next a herdsman, next a tiller of the soil, and so on step by step in the improvement and education of the race, until he has become proficient in the multifarious occupations in which today he finds himself involved.

This little excursion, however imperfect, into the details of the evolution of man may perhaps not seem out of place when one reflects that upon this depends man's function in the great idea of the universe, and that in the performance of this function lies the destiny for which he must be educated.

According to this theory mankind has evolved into a dependent race, relying more or less upon their fellow-men for their mutual comfort and safety. Hence the state, the protector of his rights, and the patron of his highest development, is for man the highest good and his ultimate end. To the attainment of this end the school is the highest and best means. Here the faculties are to be developed for the fuller enjoyment of whatever pleasure the world has to offer. This, in a nutshell, is the evolutionary theory worked out to its logical conclusion, and is the same that is being advocated by the more radical socialists of today.

In opposition to this, the Christian theory is and has ever been that man was created by God, endowed with those faculties which distinguish him from the creation about him, namely, reason and free will; that, in addition, were bestowed many other supernatural gifts; that by the sin of disobedience man lost those primal virtues, his higher faculties were weakened, and, being largely abandoned by God's graces, degenerated into a very low stage of civilization. According to this theory man is born into the world with the inheritance of incapacity, ignorance, and concupiscence. His highest goal is to know, to love, and to serve his Creator. As a means for educating himself for this end he is given the school, the farm or workshop, the home, and the Church.

This special destiny of man changes the relative value of the means of education. According to the Christian theory, the state is not the highest goal of man, for man existed and had a destiny long before even the necessity of a state was dreamed of. He has a higher, a spiritual destiny,

and thus the school, especially the non-religious school can, of all the four means of education, be neglected with the least harm. Thus it happens that the school has often been overestimated in its power for good. The old Spartan theory was such. The state was held as this highest good, and hence the school was thought to be of the greatest necessity as a means of obtaining the best results for the general public. Upon this altar was sacrificed every noble emotion that animates the human heart. There, and prostrate there lay the parental love, there the regard for all that is beautiful and refined lay smothered, while below this shroud mouldered the fire of pride, ignorance, and superstition. The Revolutionists in France held and practiced the same theory, and the results were almost identical. But why do I cite these abnormal cases, which seemingly prove nothing but the exception? The fact is that these are not abnormal cases. They are instances in which the school, bereft of the influences of religion and the home, was left to work out its own design. It failed, as it must ever fail where the moral influence of the home and Church are lacking. But what could the home and Church accomplish without the school? That they can get on very well is exemplified in the history of Medieval Europe. Look into the lives of the Christian peasantry. There the wants were few, the habits regular, the home ties sacred, their lives moved on pleasantly under the refining and uplifting influences of the Sacred Mysteries, their tastes being cultivated for poetry and music by Divine Services. Can one imagine a more happy state? I do not wish to condemn the school as a factor of education, but, that the school theory has at times and is today being overworked at the expense of other things more necessary, I do emphatically hold as true. So long the school educates one for the enjoyment of those things peculiar to his own state in life, and for the observance of the moral law, it is to him a positive good; but, when, regardless of morals, it educates him for the enjoyment of those things not generally to be found in his state of life, it is undoubtedly a source of much unhappiness and many evil consequences. In fact, for the greater part of the masses a simple technical education

is quite sufficient, most of which may be acquired by practice on the farm or in the workshop.

And here is perhaps where the greater part of mankind are educated for their respective pursuits. And just here comes the thought of the wisdom of God in making man to work. Work educates man in the regularity of life, minimizes his animal spirits, teaches him the virtues of frugality, patience, and endurance, and, at the same time gives him a good appreciation of the rights of others. It is by the labor of his own hands that one begins to learn the meaning of value, and to appreciate the inviolability of private property. Pleased with his handiwork, the laborer begins to study and to plan for future endeavors; soon he is set aright in his relation toward society and in his responsibility in maintaining the home. Is this not a great factor in education?

In speaking of the influence of the home in the education of the race, it is rather difficult to estimate its true significance. Here the atmosphere is tempered, the child brought forth and reared to manhood, imbued with all that is true and noble. Here the first lessons of love and obedience are inculcated, here begins the journey of life and here the direction is more or less determined; here begin the first ideas of morals, the initial criterion by which the future acts of life are largely to be judged. Upon this part of one's education depends largely his success or failure, and his power for good. Here he is taught to provide for himself and his family, to uplift his state, and to serve his Creator. Indeed so much depends upon the qualities of his home that we can hardly think of any institution for the uplifting of the race which surpasses it, and in which it does not play a very prominent part. Nay, it is even safe to say that none could exist with any measure of success without the influence of the home. The home, a miniature state, has all the fundamental laws required for the greater state of which it is a unit. If this be neglected, if the home has lost her influence for inculcating the first lessons of obedience and respect, then woe to society, woe to the state. Religion herself is greatly aided in the education of the masses were the home conditions remain intact. The great success of the Church in christianizing and educating the Germanic tribes was due largely to

the commendable conditions found in their homes, even as barbarians. Of course the Church and the home are so closely allied in this great work that it is rather difficult to say where the influence of one begins and that of the other ends.

However, the crowning glory of the Christian system of education is the Church. Through her teachings the doctrine of love has gone out to conquer the world. In her is found the refining influence for the lowly, she represents the highest excellence in true intellectual culture, and when it comes to influence in moral education she stands inimitable. She holds that education without morality is not education, for, inasmuch as things spiritual excel things material, the moral education must exceed all other educational pursuits. The policy of the Church is and has ever been, first, to improve the moral, next, to train the physical, and finally, to cultivate the intellectual faculties. This seems the most natural and logical way; for, with the moral and physical conditions lacking, the intellectual must suffer fundamentally. This is the arrangement through which every individual must pass, and is the course pursued in the development of the nation, and in the education of mankind in general. Throughout the ages the Church has held this course, and in the records of the past she shines like a beacon light. Even in the darkest periods when the leveling savage and the warring factions threatened the very existence of education and civilization, the Church, through her monasteries and model farms with their technical training, kept ever burning the love for education and development of the highest type. Even to-day, in the boasted enlightenment of the age, her teachings and holy doctors present a prodigy of learning. Amid the storm and battle of conflicting theories and creeds, calm and immovable as the lighthouse she stands and directs the way past the shoals and rocks of skepticism and fanatic reform.

These, in short, are the means whereby man is to raise himself from his fallen state, and while we may make a division regarding their relative importance, the disregard for any one of them for any considerable time will prove detrimental to the education of the masses and will be a source of evil to society. The Church is so thorough in her

teaching that in no method of correct development does she interfere, but tends to harmonize the school, the farm, and the home in the great work of education. Where these four factors are found at work in their respective capacities, the results are sure to be for the best. There justice will reign, and peace, order, and contentment will prepare the way for the highest physical, moral, and intellectual development.

LEO FAUROT, '09.



“Deo Optimo Maximo”

Inscribed on the Cornerstone of the New Church, Blessed May 2, 1909.

AMID the prayers and hymns of praise
We raise to-day a votive stone,
To One Who from His mighty throne
Descends with love to cheer our ways.

To God, the Highest and the Best,
We recommend this sacred pile,
O dwell Thou with us here the while,
And make us with Thy presence blest.

To us, O holy Joseph, grant
Thy patronage, here ‘bring thy rod,’
And here within this house of God
The beauty of thy life implant.

Sweep on thou lapse of years, sweep on,
We leave a history to-day;
And when ’tis read some one will say:
“They are not here, they’re gone, they’re gone.”

Oh then while yet we tread the sod,
Let all to-day rejoice and sing,
And make the distant woodland ring:
To Thee our Highest Good, our God.”

LEO FAUROT '09.

A Chapter in Bird Life.

By a Nature Faker.

HE was a young fellow, this robin. It was only a year since Mother Robin had deposited the egg which was Reddy's beginning, and so this was really his first spring. Everything was new to him. He did not remember how he had found the way southward in those long ago days when the leaves had begun to turn yellow and his bath in the pond had become so cold; but when the Spring came he obeyed the migratory instinct peculiar to all his airy brethren and flew toward the shadow of the northern skies. It was all delicious and entrancing. Reddy thoroughly enjoyed it all, and morning and evening chirped or sung joyfully to himself and swelled his little blood-red breast as if in prayer. Northward, ever northward, he went by long stages, thinking of nothing but the happiness he could obtain through his bird instinct, till he reached a little, lonely piece of woods overgrown with bushes and tangled grapevines in northern Michigan. One night he rested there and a new feeling overcame him. A new spirit seemed in the air and, night though it was, he felt it and wondered what it was that bothered him so. And in the morning he saw hundreds of other birds in this same woods who went no farther, and he stayed with his kind, as his fellow-travelers, old stagers, could not be seen.

It happened so quickly! A minute before and he knew nothing of love and courtship. A minute after he had awakened the mating instinct of the spring time which for days had slumbered as a hidden fire in his breast. He spruced himself up, took a cold bath in a nearby brook and cocked his head on one side at a more assured angle. No troubles were his in courtship. He saw others of his kind and more not of his kind fight among themselves in anger, knowing that the bird law reads "to the victor belong the

spoils," but his love came easily because of his youth and, for the same reason, was just as quickly reciprocated.

Everything was as new to his mate as it was to Reddy himself, and they enjoyed life immensely. Side by side they worked during the day, building their plain, unaristocratic nest, and at morning from neighboring trees caroled to each other sweet songs of love; again, at night side by side they occupied the same branch, until the time came when their plebeian home was completed and the eggs were laid. Then Mrs. Reddy understood her first mother work, and Reddy bestirred himself joyfully in providing food for his sitting mate. It was a new joy to deny himself a choice morsel or a grain of wheat in order that he might bring it to his mate in the nest.

The period was the most beautiful of the year. The mornings were cool and delightful, and the sweetest odor imaginable permeated the very spirit of the day. Every apple blossom and every peach and cherry blossom blended its airy offering with that of the early lilac and the Johnny-jump-up in the meadows, and sang a silent song to the accompaniment of the glistening dew drops as they fell silently in their music through the perfume laden air. It was a feast of good things: these beautiful mornings, these days of sunshine and those nights of drowsy coolness, when the moon-beams played hide and seek among the trees, as if they, too, recognized the general instinct of spring, the morning of life. And the robins enjoyed all these things, if the gay twittering of Reddy could be taken as evidence.

Nevertheless, with all these advantages, Reddy at times was greatly disturbed. He was young—he acknowledged it in plain, unvarnished bird language—and so was Mrs. Reddy. Therefore, what was more natural than that they should build their nest in a conspicuous crotch of one of the many wild crab apple trees? And so he had a right to be 'sore afraid.' From time immemorial in bird history, there had been in that neighborhood the home of a hawk. He was a monstrous red-shouldered creature, and, contrary to the general habits of his kind, seemed to have acquired a particular liking for little tidbits, such as his smaller brothers of the air would make. Plainly speaking, he was a cannibal am-

ong birds, and therefore was called 'Kan,' which means 'cannibal' in bird language. This, of course, was only the original name, and had been changed to suit the different bird dialects, till each family used a name of its own. Now Kan had his eye on this particular orchard ever since he had caught a juicy rabbit there early in spring. And the birds, although he didn't much care, had no right to make such a fuss when he only pillaged a turtle-dove's nest. Mrs. Turtle-Dove made such a nice breakfast for Mrs. Kan, too, who was also sitting and had to stay at home. Kan himself made his meal, a slim one, on two young turtle-doves, heeding not the the wily, fluttering tricks of the dove to lead him away.

All this happened near the home of Reddy, and that night, when the dove came back to roost and shed tears as birds shed them, Reddy flew over and sat beside him and there learnt for the first time that his neighbor's name was Covey. It was pitiful to the robin, and he did not sing half as sweetly the next day, for every little while his eyes wandered to the next tree and there caught a glimpse of poor Covey sitting with drooping head and bill under the wing.

That day the hawk came again. This time it happened to be a common barn-yard fowl, but the commotion in bird-dom was greater than the day before. All men-folks of the orchard were angry, and plainly needed but little to arouse them to revenge if some brave spirit would only take the lead. Reddy was plainly anxious; all that day he hopped from limb to limb near his nest, leaving the tree only to fetch food for his mate. He hardly sang a note, and that night the instinct of nature again awoke in him, but this time it was a strange foreboding of disaster that overcame him. It soon came.

Early next morning when Reddy was on his way to the home tree with a nice big angle worm, he noticed, while still a long way off, that Kan was swooping around his tree. Dropping the worm his heart fluttered even faster than his wings as he flew to the tree and bravely cast himself at the very beak of Kan, only to be seized by his neck, almost among the branches of the tree. A second, and all was over. A broken neck, and Reddy's staunch and loyal little heart

beat no more. He had offered himself to save his mate, but it needed not have been. She had caught the alarm and fluttered away, and the eggs could have been relaid. But it was done.

Reddy's mate from her post in the turtle-dove's tree saw all this, and her heart in its anger lost all present feeling of fear; a shrill call of command in bird patois, and she is after the hawk. A dart up into the air, and by sheer luck she fastens herself upon Kan's red shoulders and pecks at his head. A female to lead the males—a woman to lead the strong-hearted men of the orchard skies! But they come—robin, wren, blackbird and dough sparrow to help in ridding the world of this monster. This is mob law among the feathered tribe. Even the turtle-dove sits up and looks on. The hawk, on account of its living freight, is unable to rise higher to seek its usual safety. He even drops his prey of a moment before in his efforts to drive off his tormentors. But to no use. The robin aided by the valient efforts of the little English sparrows who fought their enemy bravely, soon had the hawk at their mercy, and it was but a short half hour, till he fell to the ground half dead and with both eyes picked out. There little Johnny Densmore, who had seen the end of the fight, found him, and a few days later Kan, now nothing but a stuffed effigy, adorned the mantle piece of one of the rulers of the earth.

There was joy and jubilation in the orchard among the feathered creation that day. No more danger; no more hurried retreats and alarms. Old Kan was dead.

There was also sorrow in the orchard that day. The eggs of Reddy's mate are cold, and she sits on a limb near by, sorrowing quietly to herself and now and then swelling her breast, as if she asked what could she have done to be so unhappy above all other birds. New lovers came to her. Such bravery as hers will never go unnoticed, but she repels them all. Even old Red-Top, the king of robins, who had abandoned his family, probably because he thought they could take care of themselves, came one evening to woo her. But all to no avail, for Reddy's mate feels as if she will never mate again.

Away upon a rocky ledge on the hillside, a thorny nest

held a sorrowing occupant. All that day and many subsequent days, Mrs. Kan sits on her eggs, awaiting the return of her lord. At last she gives way to her hunger and thirst and deserts her nest, drinking her fill from a rocky pool and feeding upon a litter of field mice. For days her station was at the top of an old dead tree on the hill and there she waited for Kan. Now and then she sent out the long and weary wail of the weeping hawk, but no response came to her. For three days and nights she made it her home, but on the fourth night little Johnny Densmore went out to the woodshed, and taking the old muzzle loader went to the hill and by the light of the full moon shot Kan's mate. Two hawks soon adorned the mantle piece.

And that's the end of the story—the story of the battle that is constantly going on in the world, both among men and animals. The strong overpower the weak, and they in turn are overpowered by the assembled weak. An endless story, and one that is as immutable as the laws of the sun and moon.

CHARLES W. PFEFFER, '09.



Departing.

THERE'S a sadness in departing
Like the ebbing of the tide,
For the sea is wild and boundless,
While the land is strange and wide.
Yet there comes a thought consoling,
Like a message o'er the sea;
Where thy duty doth engage thee,
There will thy affections be.

LEO Faurot, '09.

To Duty.

(Class Poem.)

WHAT charm, O Duty, oh, what charm,
To draw men to thy way?
Thy season is eternal spring,
Thy time eternal day.

What fond affection doth attend
Thy sometimes lowly cares,
While cheerfulness, thy willing mate,
A smiling visage wears.

The young in thee find hope and trust,
The old a rich reward,
The strong a silent trusty guide,
The weak a mighty sword.

Sweet conscience ever at thy side
Makes smooth thy troubled way,
While o'er the fruits of labor done
Sweet memory marks her sway.

Thy path leads some to happiness,
Leads some to earthly woe,
Yet thine eternal song shall be:
"We harvest as we sow."

Lead on, O Duty, then, lead on,
While time thus swiftly runs,
And make us by our lives confirmed
"Sweet duty's willing sons."

L. D. FAUROT, 09.



The Church and Ideal Literature.

(Second Prize Essay.)

THE Catholic Church, our great spiritual mother, watches over us, directing and guiding our steps, lest we wander from the only path whereon virtue is safe. Her vigilance is never relaxed; her care never diminishes. Even when, despite all her efforts, our steps take the wrong direction and wander along the road where Vice holds his riotous sway, she calls after us, entreating us to return, nor does she desist until we are again under the protection of her maternal care.

Is it only in the spiritual that the Church guides and directs her children? Has she nothing to say with regard to their mental pursuits? Shall they be left to their own resources when engaged with things of the mind, such important factors bearing upon the spiritual life? Here, too, a guide is required. But of all mental occasions of good or evil, the most important is literature. Literature is almost as old as civilized man, and yet ever taking different directions and exploring roads hitherto untraveled. Surely, a guide and a protector is needed here. Where will man find a guide, a protector fitted for a position of such grave responsibilities unless it be the Catholic Church, the eternal, the infallible?

But the Church, apart from the fact that she is the best and only guide that literature can have, endowed with the qualities which such a position demands; apart from the fact that she is in a great measure responsible for the present greatness of literature, has a special right to direct and guard this great pursuit. The function of ideal literature is "to instruct man to perform his duties, as a moral, religious and social being." The Church, being the guide of man as a religious being, must guide; nay, more, must have the guardianship of his instruction. Therefore she must guard

literature, lest it drag into tangled paths of error the children whom it purposes to instruct.

Recognizing this, literary men who wrote on subjects which were but remotely connected with religion, often applied to the Church for counsel and direction. They felt that it was impossible to write unless they had the aid of that grand "pillar and ground of truth," which has stood and weathered the storm of well-nigh two thousand years. There are others of her children, however, who neglected to seek her aid, to their own great sorrow. Donoso Cortez was one of these. Firmly as he was attached to his spiritual mother, much as he loved her; strong as was his faith in her, he failed to ask her aid; and in consequence felt all the bitterness in his heart that is the portion of him who has lost the confidence of his fellow-men, and who has been considered by them as a false teacher and a treacherous guide. Recognizing at last his error of judgment, he turned to the Church for help. Under her guidance he fulfilled the true function of a litterateur, and while erecting the monument of his literary fame, laid the foundation of his claim to be called a teacher of man.

There are also writers living today, who, had it not been for their conversion to the Church and their consequent zeal for the spiritual welfare of her children, would have spent years of fruitless toil. Such a man is Gilbert K. Chesterton, who, besides enjoying the distinction of being a good philosopher and polemic, is today considered the greatest master of prose since Swift. Only, however, when he had thoughts superior to his style, only when he had an unerring guide to direct these thoughts, did he become a leader of men.

This guidance of literature by the Church, either directly by censorship of the writings; or indirectly, by instructing and properly training the authors, has given to the world, besides hosts of great literary men, the greatest poet since Homer, the greatest orator since Cicero. The one is Dante, whose splendid works have woven for him a wreath of imperishable fame; Dante, the greatest of the great literary men of the Middle Ages, whose noble purpose was to correct the abuses rampant in civil and ecclesiastical society;

Dante, whose orthodoxy has at last been firmly established; Dante, of whom Dr. Moore says: "There is no trace in his writings of doubt or dissatisfaction respecting any part of the teachings of the Church in matters of doctrine authoritatively laid down;" Dante, whose sacred poem, "The Divine Comedia," "the last book of the Middle Ages," sums up the knowledge and intellectual attainment of the centuries that passed between the fall of the Roman Empire and the beginning of the Renaissance; and gives a complete picture of Catholicism in the Thirteenth Century in Italy."

The other is Bossuet, the Eagle of Meaux. The irresistible appeal of his philosophy, the force of his argumentative speech; the exalted spirituality of his meditative speech and his power to keep his audience spellbound, mark him the greatest of the legion of great pulpit orators, and with the exception of Demosthenes and Cicero, the greatest of all the orators the world has ever produced.

What a marvelous contrast is there between the ideal literature so well exemplified in the works of Dante and Bossuet, and the thrash that is daily being devoured by the unsuspecting modern world. The ideal literature has always the loftiest possible aim; the literature of today is totally without an aim, being written merely to interest or to appeal to the passions of man, and therefore being widely in demand, it fills the pockets of its authors. Sometimes, however it has an aim—to turn man away from what is true and certain, and lead him into a maze of falsehood and doubt. The ideal literature produces a few good books each year, the so-called literature yearly prints thousands of valueless books, or often far worse, books which contain nothing but intellectual and spiritual poison. The first has enabled such men as Brownson, Cortes, and Chesterton to become great literary men, the second has prevented such geniuses as Emerson and George Eliot from gaining for themselves a secure place among literary men and women.

Not only, however, with the thrash, but also with the well meant but poorly guided literature of today, the ideal literature contrasts. The one is like a garden in which a novice has sown the seeds of both weeds and flowers. The result is a wild and poisonous entanglement of weeds dotted



REPRESENTATIVE BASE BALL TEAM.

here and there with a sickly flower. The other is like the greenhouse of a skilled florist, filled with rare and beautiful flowers. Though both have the same object, the results are far different. The one is a curse, or at least a source of difficulties to those whom it should have enlightened. There may indeed be some sound philosophy, some beautiful flowers, but they are far outnumbered by the weeds. The other is a benefit; yes, even a manifold blessing, and a source of unfailing delight to mankind.

Not alone for mankind in general, but also for the highly educated, literature has its delights. They demand intellectual enjoyment. Many of them can find it nowhere else but in careful reading and criticising masterpieces of style and taste. Such men say: "Why not give us works in which the relations of man to God, his neighbor, and to society in general are not considered?" While it may be possible to write a work of art without any of these considerations, still the majority of great works must deal, at least remotely, with these relations of man. Here the influence of a truthful and unerring guide is of the greatest help. It increases not only their moral worth, but also their artistic value, for does not the very knowledge that it has a censor, tend to prevent the unchaste, the vulgar and all that would shock the most delicate sensibilities of an artistic mind?

And who does not know that the cause influences the subsequent success? Had the immortal Greeks and Romans no cause for which to fight, their descendants living today and the descendants of the people they conquered, would not even remember their names. If patriotism and liberty have fired men to noble deeds in the struggles between nations, what will not the ideal literature accomplish in its struggles against the deceit and infidelity of the world? And in the realm of the artist, do you think Raphael and Michael Angelo could have painted and sculptured so well if they had ordinary mortals for subjects? Assuredly not. Neither could Dante and the many Christian writers who lived before and since his time, have written so well without a noble purpose and without the aid of an infallible guide.

Today also an ideal literature is necessary. Not until this literature, teaching man "to perform his religious, so-

cial and moral duties," supplants the thrash written and read today, can there be any literary masterpieces. The world is even now preparing a way for the advent of this literature. Men are becoming less bigoted day by day. Even now the majority admits that the Church is a powerful factor in the world, that she is a rock which can never be destroyed, that her betterment of mankind, both spiritually and mentally is too great for their comprehension. A day will come when the last seal which prevents them from opening their lips, will be broken. Then, truly, will the literary geniuses produce works far grander than man has ever read or ever hoped to read. Then, and not until then, will literature know again those long lost inspirations which of old produced her immortals.

HENRY GRIMMELSMAN, '10.



My Heart.

THE heart is a harp of a thousand strings,
 And is swept by the hands of the soul
 That touch it as light as a sweet bird's wings,
 The air of a summer's loll;
 And the music it brings
 Is as soft as the springs
 On the ocean's murmuring roll.

In joy does its music with rapture teem,
 Oh, as light and as pure as the day.
 And some soft echo is called a dream,
 Unreal, and far, far away;
 That is like to a beam
 Of the moon's paling gleam
 Brightly dancing in mystic play.

But my heart sings without the sound of word:
 Oh, how soft and how faint and how low!
 (For it is unto Melancholy gird) — —
 Its music is light and slow;
 It can scarcely be heard
 Like to Autumn leaves stirred,
 For reasons that God but can know!

FRANCIS J. SCHICK.

In April.

AN April storm at night is a prodigy of nature. It seems as if this grim old Mother seeks a last outlet of her cold unrestrainable winter passions. At six o'clock the wind sighs gently but ominously through the budding trees, and in the gathering darkness one can see the limbs move back and forth. Seven o'clock, and eight and nine, and the wind increases till its velocity equals that of the swiftest mail train, while its threatening whir as it bends branches and shakes the building on its foundation warns man and bird and beast that it is well to be under cover. A lightning flash zig-zags across the sky and blinds by its intense light. Just one second and its concomitant thunder deafens the ear. Where did it strike? Was it on the ground or did it spend its fury above those black-hued clouds? It was the signal! Between fitful pauses it seems as if buckets of water are being splashed against the window. For five, ten, and even fifteen minutes this veritable cloudburst continues, interspersed by short cuts of lightning. Then a long line of light covering all the sky, and in a light brighter than the brightest day we see an endless lake before us. Such a storm, and to-morrow the reports of damage and sorrow will be known! The wind dies down and a soft and steady rain falls throughout the night, as if the skies in tender contrition are weeping for the short but violent burst of anger, so soon over.

It is the morning after. A few trees have seen their last storm. Away across the fields a decapitated wind-mill meets the eye; a wretched corn-crib, or a haystack blown to the ground, can here and there be seen. Weep, ye skies, and again, weep for the desolation ye have caused. See ye not that hut down in the valley which ye have wrecked and under which an old and infirm woodsman now sleeps the sleep that knows no awakening? See, even now they find his body and bear it quietly away And where is that robin nest that yesterday was so near my window, and where

is the robin that sat thereon in expectant joy? The nest is gone—only a few mud-bedaubed twigs remaining to tell that tale. An ancient rooster is picking up the remains of the eggs while from around the corner steals Tabby with the lifeless body of Mother Robin between her teeth. Even the sun, angry, will not smile upon us. The clouds still obscure the heavens and the many ponds of water, the remains of the lake of the night before, await the coming of the sun before they disappear. It is cold and the escaping steam calls us to dreams of warmth and tells us to turn away until Nature has fully atoned for her wildness of the night before.

CHARLES PFEFFER, '09.



Why Weep.

In Memory of August Kistner, died May 23, 1909.

WHY weep the smiling flowers that go
 Ere June has reached the prime?
 The summer's blight, the winter's snow,
 Will end their glow sublime.
 Why weeps the spotless lily white,
 That blooms at morn and fades ere night?
 Why weep?

Why weep for blessed souls that know
 Naught of the world's deceit;
 In virgin purity who go
 To heaven's bliss and sweet?
 Why weep because an angel sing
 His pure sweet song unto his king,
 Why weep?

Why weep, dear friends, because at morn
 God plucks from fairest bowers,
 And ever round his throne adorn
 The sweetest of May flowers?
 Why weep because he calls on you
 To furnish blossoms, fresh with dew?
 Why weep?

CHARLES LEARY, '10

Guglielmo Ferrero.

GUGLIELMO FERRERO, the Italian historian, who came to the United States at the solicitation of President Roosevelt and spent a part of the winter lecturing before our great universities, is probably the most modern of historians. He has cast aside the dramatical and dialogistical style of Herodotus. Thucydides' portrait paintings occupy no space on his pages; nor are the superstitions, omens, dreams, and prophecies of Xenophon found in his works. He treats history not as a mere record or narration of facts, but as a study of psychology. He does not employ reason and imagination in the manner as Macaulay would have him to do. Like Livy he has the honor of his country in view; a fault which has led him perhaps to many other faults. He even tries to inspire a love for the churlish Emperor Nero.

Upon his arrival at Washington it is said that he had an interview with the president, in which historical topics were discussed. As to the particulars very little is known, only that he told the reporter of the "Saturday Evening Post" that the president should have said, "Caesar was the greatest character in history, a noble type of manhood, well worthy of imitation but that Napoleon was the greatest hypocrite that ever trod upon the face of the earth," But we would rather believe this to be his own statement.

As a constructive genius Caesar is perhaps an unparalleled character in history and as a military genius he may vie with any. But as a noble type well worthy of imitation he is no more than Napoleon. From such a statement we would naturally infer Caesar to have been ideal, a model which he was not. A man with an unbounded ambition and a demagogue should never be an idol. Plutarch tells us how Caesar treated Bibulus, his colleague, who wished to oppose him in the distribution of the lands. Cato he dragged from the rostrum and cast into prison. Publius Claudius, the vilest of men, he declared tribune of the people. When at

the report of a dreadful slaughter of the Germans Cato moved that Caesar be given over to the barbarians for the atrocious act, Cato was attacked by Caesar and his friends, but only to have his entire life shown up, whereupon Caesar was silent. Nor do we deem it necessary to give the private life of Caesar, which is full of the most inhuman acts. In our opinion the only Roman worthy of imitation in many respects is Cato, the Younger, who was the only true Roman since the time of Scipio Aemilianus.

In his psychological treatment of the Augustan Age he tells us that Horace wrote his Odes with a view to advance the Roman commerce of wine in Gaul and that the friendship which existed between Cleopatra and Antony was a political one. From these statements we dissent. On works for such a purpose, we suppose, Horace could say:

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit dimere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series in fuga temporum."

It would be just as reasonable, logical, and psychological to say that he wrote his "Ars Poetica" to prosper the sale of books.

Antony had need of money and Cleopatra of an Empire. Could Asia no longer support Antony? That Asia which had enriched Sylla, Lucullus, Pompey, and was the desired lot of avaricious Crassus. It would be just as consistent to say that Antony entered into friendship with Cleopatra in order to escape that domineering spirit of Fulvia and afterwards could not restrain himself from her company. All these hypotheses would be as acceptable to reason and psychological as Ferrero's. He also seems to think that Cleopatra was not beautiful. In this he agrees with other historians of that age, especially Plutarch.

Nowhere does he show himself so indifferent to facts as on the age of Nero, who has always been portrayed, in his opinion, as a fabulous monster. He considered the Roman history of Tacitus, Pliny, and Suetonius, bearing no more truth than the romantic chronicles of Froissart, of Philippe de Commines or the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Nero, accord-

ing to his statements, had to contend with the same obstacles as Bonaparte.

He tells us that Nero had to fight traditionalism and oriental intellectual civilization which introduced luxury, society life, selfishness, elegance, and voluptuousness. If history is not fiction, we are assured that at that time there was no more traditionalism in Rome than there is in Italy today. The oriental civilization was already felt in the Second Punic war. Cato, the censor, when he was overcome with fatigue would drink nothing but a little vinegar, and refused the wine which had already then become a daily stimulant. Divorce was unheard of until the Punic War. Nor need we describe the banquets of Lucullus. When the enemy of Cato, the Younger, accused him of passing the night at drinking parties, Cicero answered, that Cato did not spend the day in gambling as they did. The most brutal immorality which should not bear repetition, reigned in the year one hundred before Christ in Rome. Nor did the "Lex Julia", which was to do away with adultery and celibacy, check it. Such a state of conditions could not arise in the space of twenty or thirty years. Under the Emperors the age of woman was not reckoned by her years, but by the number of her husbands. Jerome says that he witnessed in Rome the funeral of a woman who was followed to the grave by her twenty-third husband. She had been his twenty-second wife.

The reason he gives for the murder of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, which he considers as forced upon Nero, was that he had to contend with traditionalism, which was advocated and defended by Agrippina, and the oriental intellectuality of the Plebs. This is the psychological explanation. Burrhus died, Octavia was divorced, Poppaea he killed in a fit of rage, and what became of Seneca is left to conjecture. Historians say that they were all murdered by Nero. The conflagration of Rome in sixty-four A. D. is a mystery not to be solved. The statements that Nero was the instigator of it, is a mere rumor. This rumor was soon taken up by the traditionalists and in order that Nero might free himself from this imaginary crime he ordered an inquiry into the causes of the conflagration. But how they arrived at the strange conclusion that Christians were guilty is left to the

imagination. Thus he would have us believe that the reports of historians are all fiction.

He tries to avoid the Charybdis but he falls a prey to Scylla. His interpretation of Agrippina is as fictitious as any of the stories of our modern novels. Nero had contrived a plot to kill his mother by sinking the ship. At this time his mother was at the court of Nero, at Baiae, where she spent a few days with her son. But she, wishing to return to Antium, her home, set out on her voyage in the evening. When the moment came the "machine was set to work but the vessel did not sink as fast as Anicetus had hoped." Agrippina perceiving the danger, jumped overboard and escaped by swimming. Why did she set out on her voyage in the evening? Does this not seem somewhat paradoxical? From this statement of swimming we might infer that, if Agrippina was living to-day, she might vie with Miss Kellermann for the Championship. Another conclusion might be that women were then skilled in swimming, especially, when dressed in the "pallae". This frightened Nero so that he had her stabbed in her villa. This should be the authentic report of Agrippina's death.

Probably the most ridiculous statement is that the "the great and simple man, Paul of Tarsus," had taken up again in Rome the great work, traditionalism, where Augustus and Tiberius had stopped. From this hypothesis and other statements the conclusion must follow that St. Paul's writings are nothing more than a political reaction of which Ferrero approves. This does not explain what the purpose of the writings of the other Apostles was. He also states that St. Paul "grafted the Christian idea of sin upon the Graeco-Roman ideas of duty." If St. Paul "grafted his idea of sin on Graeco-Roman ideas of duty," upon what did the other apostles graft their writings. These are questions which remain to be answered.

In our opinion his psychological treatment of the age of Nero seems as plausible as the Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis. Pythagoras asserted that he had lived in the Trojan War in the person of Euphorbus and in order to prove the assertion he went to the temple of Juno, at Argos, where he took from the wall the recognized shield of Euphor-

bus. But Ferrero went to the temple of History where he took from the wall the recognized shield of Psychology. This is the wonderful proof of his statements.

He has been seduced from truths and facts, not by imagination but by reason. He has so distorted the facts to suit his great principle that there is hardly left the phenomena of truth. He also seems to have enough logic to know that any proposition which does not involve a contradiction in terms, may by possibility be true. A little exaggeration, a little suppression of facts and skillful arrangements of epithets might easily make Laud a Saint and Henry IV. a tyrant. Hume and Gibbon have been accomplished advocates of the misrepresentation of truth, but Ferrero holds the palm. Not even Livy is so completely indifferent to truth as Ferrero. Hume and Gibbon glide lightly on over the truths which are unfavorable to them but Ferrero ignores them altogether. They controvert the statements which seem to throw discredit on their own, but he says that they must be interpreted psychologically. They sometimes make concessions but Ferrero calls everything that does not conform to his hypothesis in mind fiction. Thus he is to give us the brighter side of the notorious Nero, an epithet for brute.

Editors may say that he has written a modern history for modern readers. But this does not give any value to his history, it only helps to bring out the spirit of the age. History, like theology, is interpreted according to one's own private whims. The next step is that psychology must be employed in lieu of history as some people have already discarded the Bible for psychology. Ferrero's "Greatness and Decline of Rome" may be psychology, but not until Machiavelli's doctrine shall be considered dogmatic; not until Bocaccio's "Decameron" shall be as pure as Petrarch's "Rime" shall Ferrero's "Greatness and Decline of Rome" be history.

CHARLES BUETLE, '10.

As You Will.

O DREAMS, thou shadow land of things that seem
New-clothed with shape and size, how oft', methinks,
Thy long-drawn shadow line recedes to where
Real shapes and sizes prepossess the mind,
Thus making dreams akin to life in fact.
How be it, thus a phanthom chanced one night,
And filled the darkness with fantastic scenes;
Methought that Heaven's high decree had now,
Conforming to a long repeated prayer,
Suspended for a time Old Nature's way,
And made the drift of each man's will his law.
At this up went a joyous shout, as when
From long-drawn hours of study boys and girls
In merry recreation wheel about.
At once the boys to bearded men were grown,
The man—his wish—his school-boy pranks revived;
All ladies tall and beautiful, with eyes
That melt men's hearts and mad perplex the soul.
Xantippe moved about with perfect ease,
And led her foolish husband by the ear
Back home to keep the house, while she attends
The "Woman's Club," there to debate the "whys"
And "whos'" and "hows'" of poor humanity.
The man of wealth and power sent his son
To college, with his pockets full of bills;
But study to the son did not appeal,
Since "learning" then cost neither will nor brain.
In business all was fair, as old time wars,
To lie and cheat were privilege for all;
Some sought the road to fame through graft and fraud,
For honor's prices made men speculate.
The "church idea" crumbled into dust,
For many men with many different views
Convinced the rest that, since they disagree,
And still all claimed the right, what mattered it
If creed and text did not suit each man's whims;
They made new creeds or disbelieved them all.
Somehow the new law seemed to cultivate
A harmony that was not harmony;
While on the strings, by unseen fingers thrummed,
The harp of discord played the devil's tune.

Let dreams be dreams, yet somehow now methinks,
The tears and cries and groans of evil still
Resound, as when in dreams Old Nature's law
Gave way to mankind's motto, "As You will."

LEO FAUROT, '09.

Growing Interest for Biographical Literature.

IN the department of Literature perhaps no part has made such rapid progress, or met with such universal approbation, within recent years, as Biographical Writings. This is plainly evident from a glance at the catalogue of recently published books. Here it will be found that biographies, personal memoirs, and letters occupy a very large place. Now is this true of books only, the same may be said of our magazines and periodicals. Scarcely can one peruse a magazine of to-day, but that he will notice an article written on the life of some great man. Indeed, it seems that as a result of the eagerness with which people read such writings as the "Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Carl Schurz, and "The Story of My Life" by Ellen Terry, which appeared in "McClure's", it has become the aim of most periodicals to prepare something of this nature for their readers. In consequence we have the life history of such great men as Rockefeller and President Cleveland.

One may be inclined to ask, why this growing interest for Biographical Literature? What can be so fascinating about it as to give rise to such wide popularity. A little reflection may reveal the cause.

Someone has wisely said "The greatest study of mankind is Man." Men as social beings live in the midst of their fellow-men and take an intense interest in each others' lives. As such, they have many experiences in life that are common to all mankind. Circumstances which cause the joys and sorrows of one, are capable of imparting an equal degree of sunshine or sadness in the life of another. It is with this grand topic — Man — that these Memoirs deal. But, heretofore the lives of great men, as portrayed in the average paper, seemed so foreign and distant to the generality of

mankind as almost to leave the impression that these heroes were creations of a different nature. As one writer says, "Men of genius so astonish us that they get placed apart from human life, on a pedestal, as unexplained marvels descending from above." Men saw but their public career, brilliant indeed, but ever surrounded by a stern, cold, unapproachable sense of dignity. It is by means of personal memoirs that we get a glimpse into the real lives of great men. Written, as these memoirs are, either by the subjects themselves, or by some life-long friend, they portray not only the grand character and achievements of these men, but their home life as well. We are thus, as it were, admitted into their inner circle, we learn the finer qualities that go to make up the true man; we see them at their daily work, surrounded by and dealing with the obstacles which come to them in their station of life; we learn of their dealings with their friends, and members of their family; in a word, we become acquainted with the secrets of their hearts.

Such lives present much that is interesting. Carlyle has not wrongly said, "The history of a nation lies in her heroes." Truly the progress a nation has made is reflected in the lives of her great men. Intimately connected, as they were, in politics, in literature, in art, or in common life, they have contributed no small share to the history of their country. No change or event, in any of these stations, could take place without leaving its marks indelibly impressed on their character. Beautifully may they be called "The abstract and brief chronicles of their time."

From such lives may be learnt many and wholesome lessons. We may profit by their successes as well as by their failures, both of which are revealed. One thing especially, stands forth in them: "No gains without pains." They may have been more fortunate than the average human being, but they had innumerable difficulties to surmount, making their ascent to greatness by no means an easy one.

Further, what pleasing reading matter these memoirs afford. How charmingly they are written. They are especially remarkable for their clear, free, and natural diction. The thoughts are expressed in such an intimate, personal, chatty way that the reader almost forgets that he is reading, and

imagines himself to be sitting before the narrator listening to a life story. What a story of absorbing interest it really is, for such lives are naturally surrounded by the charms of romance. One could hardly imagine a more pleasing picture than these strong hearted youths, many of them in the midst of want and hardships of many kinds, clinging to their tasks like so many bees to flowers. Yet, while possessing these charms these memoirs have besides a quality — not as a rule, belonging to a mere story — namely truth. While reading the life history of these men the reader is constantly aware that they are real and true happenings. Since this is the case, we do not wonder that men should prefer the real to the fictitious, provided that the former contains as much charm and interest. Owing to the vast amount of practice authors have obtained in this line of work they are becoming very proficient. The biographies are therefore well written.

The present may be called the age of psychology. Men are ever bent on learning more about the soul and the motives that actuate their fellow-men. The spirit of democracy which induces those in the higher stations of life to condescend more to the level of the majority, affords a better knowledge of mankind. Hence the eagerness with which this class of literature is read. Life and Literature which go hand in hand are here united as in no other department. We learn more from both than from mere fiction.

OTTO PETERS, '11.



Naturae Cantilenae.

OH the gentle hours of morn
Are still so softly waking;
Hear the peal of Neptune's horn
Their slumbers gently breaking
Oh the breezes soft caressing,
Blithesome as a matin blessing,
Of God's own making.

List the sweet joys now of spring time,
In their wild euphonic flow,
How each merry voice doth shy me
Passing quickly high and low;
Shining water flies are hiding
Where those misty skiffs are gliding
That zephyrs row.

Blue violets are nodding
From their moss bed where they lie,
And the blue bell's cup is bending
O'er its rocky cliff so high;
While the modest rose is blushing
When the silver brook is rushing,
Neath a cloudless sky.

Sister spirits of the water,
Daily dancing as they flow,
Make refrain to every songster
As upon the wing they go.
And the merry larks are chiming
As the wry peaks they're climbing,
All aglow.

And the winged breezes whisper,
As they gently pass us by,
Each flowery little sister
Turns its eyes up to the sky
And the morning dews are drinking
As their dainty eyes are blinking
So sweet and shy.

CHAS. LEARY, '10.

Valedictory.

Rt. Rev. Bishop, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Dear Relatives, Fellow-Students and Friends.

Two conflicting emotions fill us on this day. The one is the joy which we experience, because this is the graduation day of the class of '09; the other is a thought of regret because it marks the time of our separation. We scarcely know which is the stronger emotion the joy or the sorrow.

For several years have we looked forward to this our graduation day. Studies seemed at times too difficult and often became distasteful. These burdens were indeed lightened by the love of knowledge and the kind help of our dear professors. And it was always the thought of an honorable completion of our course that spurred us on and encouraged us. This day is the completion of our college career, it is a milestone in our education, and part of the final reward for these labors. Therefore do we rejoice on this day.

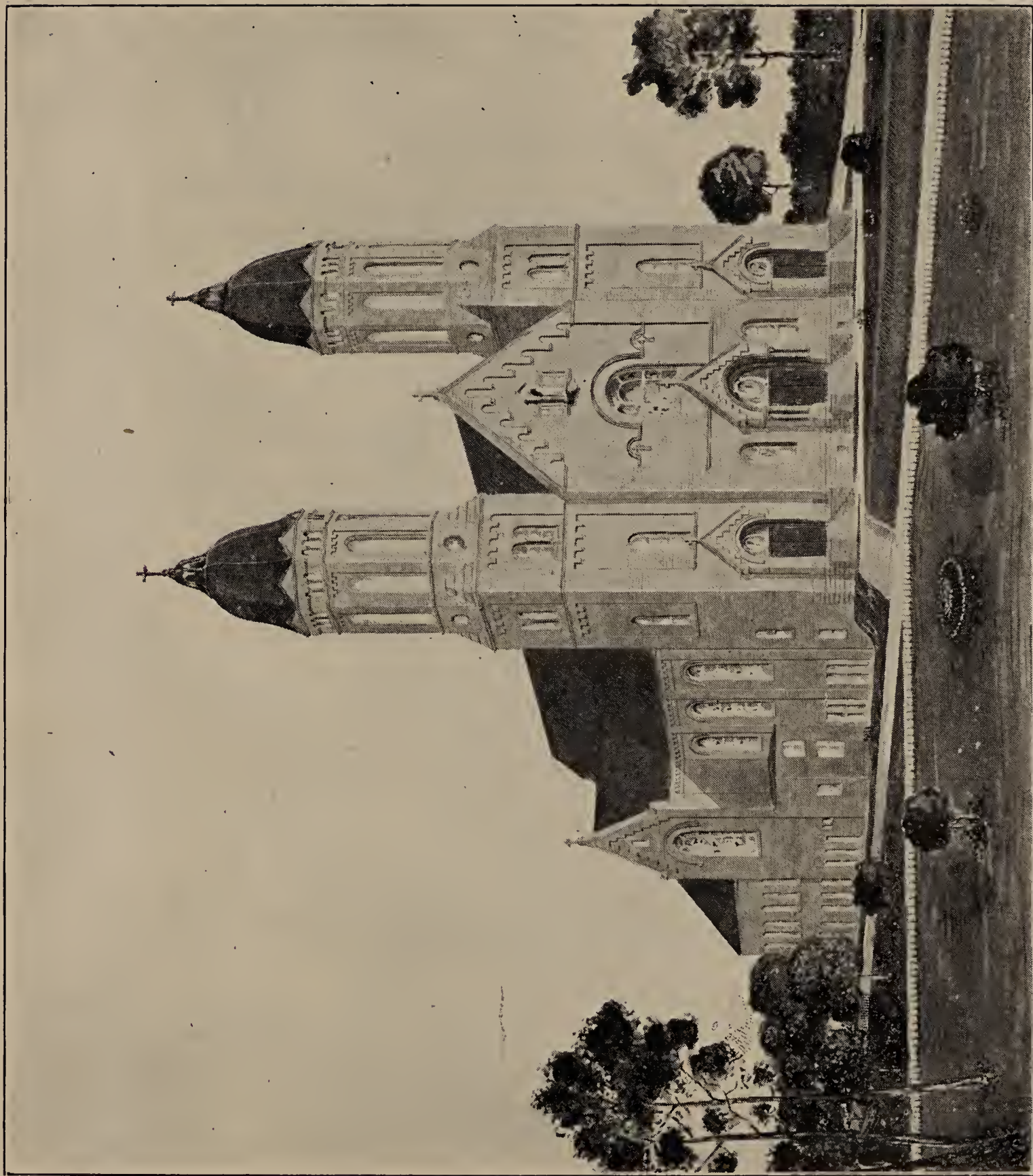
The second emotion is if possible stronger than the first. It is a pang of deep regret, the pain of parting. A parting from our dear professors who have always helped us in our difficulties; a parting from our class-mates whom we have cherished as brothers; and a parting from our fellow-students with whom we have spent many a pleasant hour.

It is for me a painful duty in the name of the class of '09 to bid farewell to "Alma Mater," the place we have learned to love even as our home. Indeed our "Alma Mater" has been a true home to us. Every shady lane winding through her parks and groves awakes in us pleasant recollections, every room within her hallowed walls, newly arouses our love and gratitude for her; every word we heard within her sacred precincts is a prize we shall ever treasure in our hearts; everyone of her teachings shall be sacred to us, her traditions shall always be an inspiration, her high ideals of

virtue and knowledge shall be to us a beacon-light when storms and shipwreck threaten. St. Joseph's and all that that name stands for in mental and moral training and culture shall ever be our guide.

Rev. Dear Professors: We are loth to bid you adieu. We feel the debt we owe you, of love and gratitude which we can never repay. We can now see better than before how disinterested was your work and kindness, for we can now understand how unselfishly you offered us the benefit of your time and noble thoughts and sentiments, that your only aim was our thorough education in mind and heart, and that no matter how great the hardships imposed upon you, how distasteful at times and unreasonable our demands upon you were, you were all kindness and consideration. For this accept our thanks, and believe not that I speak but empty words, but, that for the gratitude I would express words are all too weak. The anxieties we have caused, believe us they were rather caused by forgetfulness than willfulness or malice and grant us as a parting gift your kind indulgence. Let our future deeds convince you that these are not idle words; let our actions prove that we have learned the lessons of self-sacrifice to duty, of the high and noble ideals, you have taught us in word and deed. Kind Professors we bid you a heart-felt farewell. The first fruits of our prayers shall be offered up for you and the cause you represent and we know too, that your best wishes are always with us, who hope to remain ever loyal sons of St. Joseph's.

Class-mates: It seems but a day since we left our parents, brothers and sisters for our new home. A few days, perhaps, of longing for our dear ones, and then we learned to make new friends as dear as the old. And each year was marked by a repetition of these few events. These years we have worked together and played together, and the parting has come. In love and friendship let us grasp each others' hand, and bid each other farewell. Shall it be fare-well forever—Ah, who knows? But we will bear in mind and it shall be a consolation in the parting hour that we are still united in love to each other and gratitude towards St. Joseph's, and that our "Alma Mater" extends her blessing hand over us all, and will offer her prayers for us all. Our



THE NEW CHURCH.

paths diverge, and not all will be strewn with roses; indeed, we feel that in the future we will meet more thorns than heretofore: but let us bear in mind our motto "Vincit qui patitur;" He wins who endures. To be ready to take up our duties in life as we see them, to follow faithfully the sacred traditions of our College life that we treasure, to live so as to bring honor to our "Alma Mater," let that be our parting prayer.

Fellow-students: A word to you. The years we have spent together have been pleasant ones indeed, and whenever in coming years our thoughts will flit back to our "Alma Mater" your kind and pleasant countenances will form part of the picture. Whether on the campus or in the class-room, as helping friends and friendly competitors, we have found you true and loyal, noble in thought and action. This makes it all the more painful to bid you farewell. That your future studies at St. Joseph's may meet with the highest success is our fond wish for you and may the love and friendship which binds us never fail, may it be and remain a bond of union between us always.

Kind Friends and Visitors: We have met but to part. We scarcely know each other, but our brief acquaintance will be a cherished memory for us, made dear to us by this parting hour. We beg you all to bear witness to the words we spoke in solemn promise to "Alma Mater" and our kind and indulgent professors. And as you now witness and by your presence enhance the solemnity of our graduation, so may you in the future behold the fulfillment of our promises. Fathers and friends, we bid you all God-speed and blessing on your way and may we meet again. Farewell!

ANTHONY L. MESTEMAKER, '09.
Commercial.



The Sun of Hope.

UP from the east the great sun comes
Driving the clouds away,
Filling the waking world with hopes,
Hopes for the coming day.

Then in his splendor shining down
Brightly the noon-day sun,
Fills us with hopes of fair success,
Hopes in the task begun.

Sinking to rest in the western sky,
Smiling the evening sun
Whispers the hopes of rest at night,
Rest from a work well done.

LEO FAUROT, '09.



Life and the Deep.

IN the deep there are dark caverns
That the sun might help to light:
In this world there are hearts sorrowed,
And a smile might make them bright.

In the deep are buried ship-wrecks
Loaded with the richest ore:
In the world are hidden great minds
Stranded on a helpless shore.

In the deep there are bright jewels,
That, unknown, do ever glow:
In this world are storied joys,
That creatures never know.

And this life is but an ocean,
And Eternity its shore;
And each man is but a billow,
To be washèd there evermore.

FRANCIS J. SCHICK.

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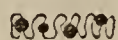
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Editorials.

OF the several discourses that have been delivered at the College on the subject of Catholic Education, none was more lucid and succinct than that of the Very Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D.D., LL. D., President of the Catholic Church Extension Society. Father Kelley disclaimed any originality for his remarks, but it was evident that he has given the matter of Catholic Education much thought, and knows its history as well as its aims and results. It is indeed true that education is a part of the mission of the Church, that she is to be, like her divine founder, the "lux mundi," and that to her the world must

Dr. Kelley's Address.

ever go for that true light, which enlighteneth all things. For this reason she may claim a share in education, which she has ever asserted, but more than that, she is entitled to the highest praise for the part she has taken in education. She is the mother of it, she brought it to manhood, and if the child does not acknowledge the fact, it is but an instance of the most flagrant ingratitude, unless it is somewhat excusable on the ground of ignorance. The fact that the Church inaugurated popular education — and free education at that — as soon as she emerged from the Catacombs, supplementing it later by secondary and university education, is enough to disprove the old calumny that the Church is opposed to education. It is only a certain kind of education, that which is divorced from religion, which the Church opposes, but education itself has always been a favorite child of hers, and she has brought countless sacrifices for it. She has perfected education in every way, and she aims at its highest development, but rather than have it imparted in an irreligious spirit, she will equip and maintain institutions of higher learning herself, even if they should for the present be lacking in a few things which money can buy. But they are richer in all things that are essential, and, as Father Kelley said, her education is in no way inferior when judged by results. The history of Catholic Education within the United States would be at least as interesting reading as that of secular education, and probably more enjoyable.

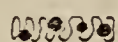


Owing to the fact that much of the literature of the day is unfit for reading, especially for the young, there has been a call for Catholic literature, that is, a literature that is Catholic in spirit or even in subject matter, or at least free

**Catholic
Literature.**

from the evil tendencies of the day. A multitude of authors has arisen all over the land to answer the call, and much of their work is decidedly good reading, even if not of the highest quality, but the Catholic publishers remained apathetic. The demand for Catholic literature is not very encouraging. What is the reason? Among other causes we would mention the fact that the

price of Catholic books of fiction is too high, considering the quality of the paper and the binding, but why not issue them in cheaper form? It does not detract from the value of the book, nor even from its attractiveness to the average person. We notice that C. Wildermann, of New York, has issued a five-cent edition of the best Catholic stories for children, of which sixty numbers have thus far appeared. We consider that a move in the right direction. That makes these stories available for use in the school-room, where they will do the most good. Something similar might be done with Catholic popular literature in general. The people may not read it exclusively, but they will read it more than they do now.



There are many things in life of the highest educational value which are not regarded as such. One of these is conversation. We devote to it a good part of the day and think perhaps no more of it than that it is a pleasant form of di-

**An Educational
Factor.**

version, and having no further usefulness. It is perhaps well that we do so. To consider it in any other light might rob it of its charm. But the fact remains, that it is to the mind what play is to the body, exercising it in all its parts and powers. It is the play of mind with mind and heart with heart, if the expression is permissible. It brings out the best qualities of both, and that is education. It is a sort of mental gymnastics that is perhaps as beneficial as any practiced in the classroom. More than that. It is a process resembling that of a clearing house, in which the ideas are examined as to their real value, approved or modified, or rejected. Our knowledge is in a somewhat crude state when first acquired. As a rule, we have but a partial and therefore incorrect view of things, a fact that is made apparent when minds clash with minds. For the moment we may be disposed to maintain a position with a sharp lance, but after the affray is over, we come out of it with modified views. We have learned that the truth lay somewhere in the middle. Thus is conversation both a corrective and a stimulant, even if nothing more.

In this age of discoveries only the greatest excite more than passing comment. Most of the inventions, even those of great practical value, are noted by the men in the different scientific departments and registered at the end of the

year in the reviews, but the people give them but little heed. Occasionally, however, an invention is made that is of such a startling nature as to excite the popular mind. None has ever occurred that makes a more powerful appeal to the imagination than that of the airship. Indeed, it is such as to almost stagger belief. To think that we have entered into dominion over that kingdom from which we thought ourselves forever excluded, is enough to quicken the dullest brain. Who does not see the prospects of aerial navigation for pleasure and usefulness, whether it be by means of the dirigible balloon or the aeroplane! but apart from the fact of usefulness, what more glorious event can be imagined than the conquest of the air. It makes man the king of creation in a sense undreamt of before, such as God intended him to be. It is a triumph of man, but one for which he should give due praise to his Maker, who has given him these wonderful powers which enable him not only to imitate, but even to surpass the birds of the air in their flight through space. Under God does man exercise dominion over the earth, and all that man achieves redounds to His honor.

It has been pointed out that the airship may revolutionize the art of warfare. We hope it will do more than that: end it altogether. It is enough to make a sensible man weep — or laugh a bitter laugh — that the Christian and civilized nations of the twentieth century should waste their substance on armaments and be prepared to sacrifice tens of thousands of lives in a ruinous physical conflict. If the airship should make all present armaments useless, it will probably be a means of ending war altogether, for it is not likely that men will consent to fight each other in the air. Should it succeed in doing so, it will be the most important invention ever made, for no invention can compare in importance with that which ushers in the era of peace.

Exchanges.

THE great Ex-world has again completed another revolution. It may not be a momentous event in the world at large, but among us it is of some significance. We are glad to say that in the past journey there have been no collisions at least none that were serious in their results. On the contrary, each one has helped his fellows to steer free of them and we all have spent an enjoyable as well as profitable time with one another.

As to the work done in the past year we may safely say that College Journalism has risen still higher. Though there have been occasional relapses, the work on the whole has been very gratifying to all whose interests are centered upon the growth of perfection in College Journals. Not that we wish to say that there is no room for improvement. No, on the contrary, there is much to be gained, especially as to flow, strength, and appropriateness of diction as well as unity and variety of theme and arrangement. Nevertheless, the progress made is encouraging; and let us hope that the end of next year's work will mark another advance toward the goal of absolute perfection, which is always in sight but is never attained.

The **Niagara Index**, a very faithful visitor, has always had good reading matter, especially in the field of essays. The "Index" is of opinion that the short story is not worthy the efforts of students. In this, we think it is very mistaken. The short story offers many opportunities for the cultivation of his literary qualities, and if so, it should not be neglected. The Ex-column is always spicy and to the point, and nothing loath to loose the dogs of war.

"Queen of May" in the **St. Mary's Messenger** has a fine flow, and in harmony with its sentiments. "A May Novena" is well conceived and treated. There is a pleasing variety in the May number, which makes any journal enjoyable.

The article on Marion Crawford in the **Agnesian** gives evidence of a fine critical faculty and an intimate acquaintance with the late author. The literary standard of the "Agnesian" in this number is especially good. The Muses, too have been quite bountiful with their gifts.

"The Days when Knights Were Bold" in the **Fordham Monthly** is written in a bold and forcible style, in perfect concord with the thought. Of late, the "Fordham" has grown rather philosophical, and in the last number it does not even indulge in one short story, contrary to its usual practice. "On the Weather" is a very fine little chat.

"The Sweet Golden West", as the opening poem of the **St. Vincent Student** is entitled, carries one indeed to the West, and swaying palms and golden fruits sweep before the imagination. "Changing Demands upon the Educated Man" is a theme well discoursed. The number shows skill and good taste and is indeed a credit to the alumni, but we would have been pleased to meet with a piece of fiction, which in our opinion should never be absent in a College paper.

The **Schoolman** from across the Lakes greets us for the last time this scholastic year. "Canada and England" is very instructive, and flows from a vigorous pen. A thorough acquaintance with the subject and a masterly treatment is evidenced in the article "Victorian Poets." "Goldsmith and Gray" a pleasing essay, finds its best quality in originality of style and treatment.

We regret that we have mislaid the last number of the **Patrician**. It contained several good papers, which we would have been glad to discuss. All through the year the "Patrician" has been a representative College paper, bearing witness to the fact that the English course at St. Patrick's is very good, and that the paper is in good hands.

The Rensselaer **Republican** and **Democrat** have always occupied an important place on our meeting table, and we wish to thank them for their promptness. We are pleased to notice a few improvements in the appearance of these papers, and also in the general tone and spirit. Both are now a credit to the town in which they are published.

Commencement.

WAS Lowell thinking of Commencement when he wrote "What is so rare as a day in June"? Probably he was not, as he would wish for more quiet for a rare day in June, but apart from the bustle and excitement, Commencement Day was as rare a day as could be wished for. With a smiling sky, a glassy lawn, and the mildest of June weather, and a large number of guests, both clerical and lay, the occasion was a very enjoyable one for all.

Presentation of the Flag-Staff.

The exercises were inaugurated on Tuesday afternoon with an open air band concert, after which occurred the presentation of the Flag-staff by the president of the Alumni Association, Rev. Arnold Weyman, C. PP. S., who then introduced the speaker of the occasion, Rev. Julius Seimetz, '96. If there were those in the audience who expected but a few humorous remarks, they were much surprised when the speaker launched into an oration that indeed befitted the occasion, on the history and meaning of the Flag. No better patriotic oration has ever been delivered here. Father Seimetz showed himself to be a speaker of much power and magnetism and was listened to with rapt attention. The president then called upon the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding, who responded in a happy manner. Another address, no less felicitous, was given by Rev. Thomas Conroy, the secretary of the association, whose duty it had been to raise the funds for the purchase of the Flag-staff. The Flag was then hoisted, amid the strains of national melodies played by the band, and the singing of the students.

Much commendation was given the Alumni for the presentation of the magnificent Flag-staff to the College. It stands 110 ft. above the ground, being exceeded in height only by the towers of the new Church.

No more fitting testimonial of their regards for the College could have been given by the Alumni.

The Play.

In the evening all assembled in the Gymnasium Hall to witness the performance of "Cardinal Richelieu." As in former years, a large number of people from town came out for the performance, and the hall was crowded when Father Toujas raised the baton for the Orchestra prelude. It may be remarked here that the orchestra acquitted itself very well and won the most applause of the evening.

The play opened pleasantly with a jovial scene in the house of the Duke of Orleans, and the first impression was a decidedly favorable one. The players seemed to be at home, their voices were splendid, as rich and musical as those of trained elocutionists, and their bearing and action was strong and graceful. It was noticed at once that there would have been good reasons to exchange the roles of Baradas and De Mauprat, but as the latter proved himself a capable emotional actor throughout the evening, it was felt that the part had been given him not because he was peculiarly fitted for it but, because of his general dramatic abilities. Both roles were well presented, Mr. W. Franze being very fine in facial expression, but less correct in action and attitude. He seemed to think that the position of the feet and legs are of no importance in a play. Mr. H. Gabel, as De Mauprat, acted very sincerely and forcefully, but his general figure did not sustain the character. By keeping himself more erect he might have succeeded better in suggesting a gallant, graceful cavalier.

The great and overtowering figure of the play, "Cardinal Richelieu," was well impersonated by Mr. George Pax. The gentleman's voice and figure was all that could be desired for this great drama and role, and while his general characterization was very satisfactory, it did not rise to the heights of real emotion and grandeur, except in one or two instances. Considering that Mr. Pax has but a limited training in elocution, being a member of the sophomore class, we may hope for great things from him. He is even now a capable actor, but the part of Richelieu demands abilities of an uncommon order, such as only a trained actor or speaker possesses. The gentleman—and this holds good for some of

the others—must aim at greater variety in pitch, tempo, power, melody, and movements, the very fundamental as well as the final touches of the elocutionist's art. More variety is a motto that speakers and actors would do well to remember. While Mr. Pax did not sound all the depths and heights of Richelieu's character, it may be said that his presentation of that great man—made immortal by this drama of Bulwer Lytton—was a very creditable one. His appearance in the final scene was well nigh faultless, and his words and actions no less so. Of the other characters, mention must be made of R. Carmody's impersonation of the *Sieur De Beringhen*. His portrayal was delightful. He looked the part and he acted it. One could regard him with genuine pleasure, although one of the audience who visited the College for the first time and has never met the gentleman, remarked that he undoubtedly had been accustomed to light Irish character roles. But that judgement—a true one—was less of a criticism of Mr. Carmody's acting in the present case than an evidence of the sharp discernment of the Rev. gentleman who made the remark. Mr. Carmody's acting was the nearest approach to perfection of any. It was consistent, spontaneous, and beautiful.

Hardly less satisfactory was that of Henry Hipkind, who took the part of *Francois*. It was straightforward and sincere and gave real pleasure.

J. Bennet, as *Joseph, the Capuchin*, was quite good. He lived in his part and his appearance was that of the humble monk and servant. He did not all that he might have done to bring out the characteristic elements of that personage, but he avoided many mistakes that he might have made, and that's no little praise.

Leon Dufrane, as *Roland De Mortimer*, acted a part with good grace and effect, which has been rather unnaturally grafted upon the play.

Louis XIII. was a good king—speaking from the dramatic and artistic standpoint,—but he gave not enough suggestion of the fact that he was a bad king in reality. To suggest evil qualities is perhaps more difficult than to suggest their opposites.

All in all, the play was a creditable production, nicely

balanced in its parts and giving a very favorable impression. Some of the scenes were staged with professional accuracy and effect. The participants and their dramatic director, Rev. Ildephonse Rapp, C.P.P.S., may feel satisfied that they have given "Cardinal Richelieu" an adequate and enjoyable production.

The Graduation Exercises.

On the following morning another treat was in store for us—the Baccalaureate Address, delivered by the Very Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D.D., LL.D., president of the Catholic Extension Society, who was listened to with intense delight. After a most happy introduction the speaker entered upon his theme,—the history and the meaning of education, explained that the Church had always considered education as a part of her mission, that she has truly accomplished what God did in the beginning when He said "Fiat Lux;" that she had spread the light since the first days of her inception, and that she has the light which the world needs. Very clearly and succinctly the Rev. speaker showed that the Church must be given credit for the foundation of schools for primary, for secondary, and for university education, that that education was the best of its time, and no more to be censured because it was not as far advanced as that of today, than the automobile is to be rejected because it may not be as good as the coming air-ship. No less felicitous and full of wisdom were his remarks to the graduates. Whether they will or not, they must be soldiers, he said, and the world holds the whip ever ready to urge them on to do their duty. They will need all the qualities of a soldier, which are discipline, without which one's efforts are wasted, obedience, arms, and the flag. Each of these points were emphasized in a way which showed that the Rev. speaker is a man of great knowledge and ability. We appreciate the honor of having had Father Kelley with us, and we hope to have the pleasure of hearing him again.

The class poem was read by Leo Faurot and the Valedictory was spoken by A. Mestemaker. Both acquitted themselves very well. The Very Rev. Rector and the Rt. Rev. Bishop then ascended the stage, to confer the degrees and to

award the medals and diplomas. The gold medal for the highest honors in the graduating class of the Classical course was won by Louis Nageleisen, that of Commercial course by Otto Stallkamp, of the Normal by Seraphim Reichert, and that of Civil Engineering by Alois Besinger. The much coveted prize for the best essay in English was won by Leo Faurot, and the second prize by H. Grimmelsman.

The following are the graduates: Classical.— Louis Nageleisen, Leo Faurot, Charles Pfeffer.

Commercial.— Paul Brunner, William Dowling, Fred. Forsthoefel, Joseph Fralich, Anthony Mestemaker, Maurice Pauley, Louis Reif, Frank Schwartz, Thomas Smith, Otto Stallkamp, Leonard Trentman, Otto Birkmeier, Ferdinand Rengers.

Normal.— Seraphim Reichert, Paul Froning.

Civil Engineering.—Alois Besinger, Joseph Kraft.

Alumni Meeting.

AFTER THE EXERCISES the Alumni Association held an interesting meeting, in which it was resolved to donate a large window to the new College Church. It was regretted that it was too late to make a donation for the High Altar. Arrangements were also made to issue a History of the College and its work, to be supplemented by an Annual Year-Book. A spirit of enthusiasm prevailed, which would not be curbed, showing that the Alumni are alive to all the opportunities of an Alumni Association and that they mean to fulfill them. The following officers were elected: Rev. A. Weyman, Pres.; Mr. J. Naughton, 1st Vice Pres.; Tony Mestemaker 2nd Vice Pres.; Rev. Thomas Conroy, Sec. and Treasurer; Rev. W. M. Flaherty, Historian; Rev. James Connelly, Mr. P. Hartman, Mr. M. Pauley, Board of Directors; Rev. W. Sullivan, Rev. Wm. Arnold, Mr. C. Pfeffer, Board of Essay Judges.

It may be said without exaggeration that this Commencement has been one of the most enjoyable in the history of the College, and that we look forward for many more of the same character.

College Chronicle.

The Oratory Contest. — One of the surprises of the year was the manner in which the members of the Junior Class acquitted themselves in the Oratory Class Contest for the Conroy Oratory Medal, May 9. It was a fine exhibition of good, earnest, and persuasive speaking. At the end of the Contest, which lasted an hour and a half, the audience showed no sign of fatigue — a sign that the speakers held their attention, both by their compositions and their manner of delivery. First place was awarded to James McIntyre, but several others were close rivals for the highest honors. Mr. E. P. Honan presided with his usual tact and felicity of speech.

Electrical Plant. — Although we have been receiving the best of service from the Rensselaer power-house which until lately furnished the light for the College, we are pleased to have now a plant of our own. It is slightly more economical and we can now have the light at all hours. Brother Henry Olberding, our genial and willing engineer, is more than able to take care of it, and he enjoys to do it, especially since he has been provided with a new office, from which he may give or withhold light and power just as he pleases.

New Church. — In spite of the rains good progress has been made on the new church building. Each day reveals more of its beauty, especially as to the front, which is as pleasing to the eye as any one we have ever seen. Excavations have also been begun for the Sisters' House. A few weeks' work by the men that are now engaged on the Church will bring that to a completion.

New Altars. — Mr. E. Hackner, La Crosse, Wis., has designed a very fine High Altar and two Side Altars, which will be in keeping with the interior of the Church. Mr. Hackner has a reputation for careful and artistic work, and his present work will not be below his standard. He also furnishes the Communion railing.

Pews and Vestment Cases. — After a most vigorous competition, in which several firms of national prominence took part, the contract for furnishing the pews and vestment cases and other articles of furniture in the sacristy and vestry room, was awarded to the Globe Company, Detroit, Mich. The pews selected are of the highest grade of excellence in material, design and finish, and provide for a degree of comfort unknown heretofore.

Laying of Corner-stone. — A cold wind marred in some measure what otherwise would have been an ideal day for the laying of the corner-stone of the New Church. At 2 P. M., on May 2, the ceremonies required for the occasion were begun. The Very Rev. Oechtering of Ft. Wayne officiated, assisted by Rev. Gerard Hartjens and Rev. John Gormley. A few prayers were said, the Litany of All Saints was chanted, the corner-stone laid and blessed. Then followed the address for the occasion, delivered by Rev. John Gormley. He spoke eloquently and impressively on the significance of the rock, and on the meaning of preceding ceremonies. "There will now be another place," he said, "where the true God will be worshiped in the right manner." The ceremonies closed with the blessing of the entire building, ending one of the most impressive and significant events in the history of the College.

The Outdoor Gym. — Another improvement which made the lovers of outdoor sport rejoice, was the construction of the outdoor gymnasium. The idea of this improvement had long been in the minds of the students, but their previous efforts in that direction always lacked some feature or other. The appropriation set aside by the Athletic Association this year fully covers the cost of furnishing it completely. Parallel bars, trapeze, horizontal bar, swings and other equipments make up the list of furnishings, which daily attract their quota of enthusiastic exercise seekers. The site chosen for its location is a cool and shady spot in the North Grove, which renders the Outdoor Gym doubly attractive.

Our Visitors. — We were pleased to have a large number of our friends with us for Commencement. They helped to make the days more enjoyable, and we were pleased to

hear that all of the visitors reported a very good time. The following clergymen honored us with their presence:

Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding, D. D.; Very Rev. Francis Kelley, D.D., LL.D.; Very Rev. J. Dinnen; Very Rev. T. Wilkin; Rev. M. Byrne; Rev. T. Burke; Rev. J. Meyer; Rev. A. Young; Rev. W. Flaherty; Rev. S. Kramer; Rev. I. Wagner; Rev. T. Conroy; Rev. H. Horstman; Rev. J. Connelly; Rev. G. Horstman; Rev. F. Schalk; Rev. R. Schmauss; Rev. E. Werling; Rev. J. Henkel; Rev. J. Mutch; Rev. W. Sullivan; Rev. J. Baker; Rev. E. Hoolihan; Rev. H. Hellhake; Rev. J. Wakefer; Rev. J. Seimetz; Rev. J. Kroll; Rev. L. Nurre, O.F.M.; Rev. L. Schirach; Rev. J. Nageleisen; Rev. U. Nageleisen; Rev. J. Mullen; Rev. J. Cogan; Rev. McCabe; Rev. R. Monin; Rev. C. Faist; Rev. E. Hefe.



Athletics.

A review of the work of the year in athletics is very gratifying, as it shows that we have made great progress in efficiency and high-classed contests. The base-ball schedule for the Varsity ended May 29 with a game that would be a credit to any college team. We have adopted a plan of securing a better class of teams for our games and have been convinced that quality more than makes up for quantity. For accounts of the work done in athletics I am greatly indebted to the editor and staff of "Diamond Dust," our popular College Semi-Weekly.

The schedule of the season opened April 25 with the Rensselaer Athletics. The "Diamond Dust says": The Varsity wielded the big stick with so much effect that the visitors' little pitcher was driven from the box before he had pitched two innings. Their third baseman, Swartzel, replaced him but had the pleasure of seeing our boys connect with the sphere for seven clean hits. The Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
"VARSITY"...	2	3	0	0	1	1	0	0	*	7	11	4
RENSSELAER.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5

May 1. In the worst kind of baseball weather, in the midst of a snow-storm, the Varsity met and were overthrown by the Notre Dame Freshmen. The game was played splendidly, until the visitors got a lead of three runs, and then it

seemed the Varsity could not get together. The long hits of McGurren and Hasser and the well fielded flies by Franze deserve mention. The visitors showed a good knowledge of base-running, this being one of our weak points. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Varsity	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	3	9	4
N. D. F.....	0	0	0	4	0	0	3	0	0	8	3	1

The Varsity then went down to work in real earnest and as a result the game with De Paul University, May 5, was chalked to their credit. The Varsity pounded without mercy, and when the University fellows got tired chasing the balls, Hagarty gave his first baseman and pitcher orders to change positions, but this did not check our boys from connecting with the ball. The machine-like battery of the Varsity was as good as new after the game. Hasser's curves and smoke were too much for the Chicago boys, while Nageleisen's work behind the bat caused all to sit up and take notice. The score:

										R.	H.	E.
Varsity...	1	0	3	2	1	8	5	0	*	20	12	7
De Paul.....	1	0	0	2	1	0	0	3	0	7	5	10

A very exciting feature was witnessed during a game with the Y. M. I. of Lafayette, May 16. Our visitors had handed us eight goose eggs and were about to hand us another, and fly home with the dust of three runs on their wings, when the fun started. Two men down, three balls, two strikes, and then Birkmeier started the eggs a-rolling and amid a burst of enthusiasm three of our choice came waddling home. In the tenth inning we exchanged goose eggs, and in the eleventh we had to be satisfied with an egg in exchange for four runs. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	R.	H.	E.
Varsity	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	3	5	9
Y. M. I.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	4	7	7	6

Wabash Freshmen were next to visit us, May 22. The game was without any special features, except that Hasser played a no hit tune, while Nageleisen tapped their pitcher for a record breaker in long hits. The result:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Varsity....	4	1	0	2	4	0	4	0	*	15	13	0
Wabash....	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	1

May 21 saw the fastest game played on our grounds for some time. The visitors showed up in great style and were confident of victory to the last. Our boys were with them all the time and won out by some scientific bunting. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R.	H.	E.
Varsity.....	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	0	2	6	7	6
St. Ignatius.....	1	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	1	5	8	6

Two base hit-Hanks. Three base hits-Kilian, 2. Home run-Hanks. Base on balls-off Hassser, 2; off Hanks, 2. Left on base-Varsity, 7; St. Ignatius, 7. Wild pitches-Hanks. Struck out-by Hassser, 11; by Hanks, 5. Double plays-Hayes to Birkmeier. Passed balls-Stock. Hit by pitcher-by Hassser.

Our schedule was completed May 29, when the Varsity played Brooks' crack team at Brooks. The game was a pitchers' battle and was remarkable for its length, clean cut work, and general good spirit. This was McGurren's first real try-out as pitcher, and his work was superb. The game was started rather late, and when the fourteenth inning was over it was decided to call the game on account of darkness. The score-card showed the following results:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	R.	H.	E.
Varsity.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	9	3
Brooks.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	4

THE LEAGUE.

A. Link, manager of the Varsity, was also manager of the League, and the general harmony prevailing throughout the season was due largely to his splendid management.

The race for first place was well contested, and under the submanagement of J. Vurpillat and the iron arm of Captain Green, the Cardinals won first place. The Vigilants, with Manager H. Berghoff and Captain Reed, took the second place; the Laurels, under Brunner and Retinger, third; the Imperials, under O'Donnell and Besinger, took the last place. The special features of the games this season were the close scores and exciting times.

The Minims have been in line with their work and gave us some interesting games with their friendly rivals from the South Side. We are more and more convinced of the wisdom of having a league instead of class teams as it tends to equalize the average ability of the teams and to promote harmony.

Exchange Comment.

Upon the repeated requests of some of the Alumni and others who take an interest in the COLLEGIAN, we venture to publish the remarks of our friends, the exchanges. As may be seen, they are written in a friendly, and even generous spirit, but not without discrimination, and most of them reflect very favorably on their authors. Exchange criticism may be optimistic, but is not inane. As a choice is difficult we insert all.

THE SACRED HEART ECHOES. Sacred Heart College, Belmont, N. Y. April, 1909.

In the February number of the "St. Joseph's Collegian" is a strong article entitled "About Slang" which condemns justly the inelegant language now in vogue. We agree with the author when he says, that "Baseball slang" is the least offensive, although slang may be rightly condemned at all times. The poems in this issue are numerous and well composed.

THE LORETTINE. Loretto Academy, Kansas City, Mo. October, 1908.

"The St. Joseph's Collegian" has quite an assortment of articles in the Commencement Number. The lines "To a Sunbeam" are beautifully worded and one can almost follow "the tiny——along the way." Kipling has quite an admirer who gives a condensed version of the story, "Light that Failed," in clear, strong language. "The Triple Blessing" is a reminder of the opportunities, there are of spreading Catholic literature among those outside the faith. Told, as it is, in the form of fiction it does not sound like a "sermon" to which so many object. Only too true is the statement made in "Our Literary Tyrant" that modern literature is hampered by journalistic criticism. May the author's hopes for the future improvement find speedy realization!

ST. MARY'S MESSENGER. St. Mary's College and Academy, Monroe, Mich. December, 1908.

From Indiana, the state so well represented by its story-tellers, comes "St. Joseph's Collegian," a quarterly containing a large number of readable articles, all of a serious nature, with the exception of the short story, "An Unusual Attitude." Of the verse in this number we consider the short poem "Autumn" almost flawless.

THE ST. THOMAS COLLEGIAN. College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn. April, 1909.

Our new visitor, "The St. Joseph's Collegian" from Indiana, at once arrested our attention by its brilliant poetry and interesting prose. Leo Faurot is a soloist in the cluster of St. Joseph's poets. His verses bearing the solemn titles "Conscience" and "Prayer" are fine morsels. "Night," "Toiling Onward" and "Hoar Frost" are also poems of more than ordinary merit, although the second is somewhat prolix. The prose has also won our favor and we do not hesitate to assign the essays and short stories a very high rank in recent college journalism.

THE SCHOOLMAN. St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont. January 1909.

"The St. Joseph's Collegian" for November is a particularly interesting one. It contains a number of articles which deal with educational topics. The edition is well balanced by the number of poems, which give credit to its pages. The article entitled "Monasticism; the Mother of Civilization," is well worth the reading. The monks of the middle ages are too often censured by narrow-thinking people. The arguments educed however in this writing are true and convincing, while the foundation of our modern civilization is correctly placed in the monks, "praying and working in their cloisters and singing the praises of God by night and day."

"Literary Influences that Wrought on Burns," is very instructive, and not untimely praise to that dear young Scottish bard. "Christian Liberty" received a close and interesting perusal.

THE MORNING STAR. Conception College, Conception, Mo. February, 1909.

There is, in our estimation, quite a contrast between the essays and stories of the "St. Joseph's Collegian." The essay entitled "Monasticism, the Mother Civilization," shows careful study on the part of the author. "The Spanish Missionaries" is a worthy plea for these forgotten benefactors of mankind. Of the two stories, "The Cup of Woe," and "An Unusual Attitude," the former is the better, though we would hesitate before pronouncing it excellent. The verses in this issue are fair. We are pleased to note, that each contribution to the "Collegian" is the work of students, a fact which can not be said of every College publication.

THE YOUNG EAGLE. St. Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wis. December, 1908.

"Day Dreams" in the "St. Joseph's Collegian" is a whimsical little conceit very unusual in college journalism. To one whose childhood dreams are not yet wholly forgotten, it must appeal in its deep insight

into and sympathy with the world of a child. "Monasticism, the Mother of Civilization," and "The Spanish Missionaries" are evidence of the desire to give credit where credit is due, which seems to prevail just now in our schools. "An Unusual Attitude" is a well related incident of the inventive spirit of two mischievous lads, and the grief it brought them.

THE NAZARENE. Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Mich. December 1908.

"The St. Joseph's Collegian" for November is good. "Monasticism the Mother of Civilization" is fine, showing deep thought and study. A very pathetic story was found in "The Cup of Woe" and a good selection in "The Pilot."

ST. MARY'S MESSENGER. St. Mary's College and Academy, Monroe, Mich. February, 1909.

One of the best papers in "St. Joseph's Collegian" is the appreciation of Rene Bazin, by Charles Pfeffer in "A Voice of Spring."

THE LAUREL. St. Bonaventure College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y. December, 1908,

"St. Joseph's Collegian." This paper hailing from Rensselaer, Indiana, contains some choice selections. The poem heading the contents is a worthy endeavor. "Monasticism, the Mother of Civilization," is a subject which is capable of great extension. The influence of the cloister has been felt almost since the dawn of the Christian Era. Its salient breath has permeated nearly every clime; and immeasurable is the debt that the world owes those men who, imbued with true charity, labored not for self but for God and fellow-man. While we enjoyed the article very much and deem it commendable, still we believe there is something missing. The nearer the approach to home the warmer the heart beats; and far greater would be our appreciation, then, if the author, since he left the walls of the monastery, contemplated and expatiated on the heroic and altruistic deeds of America's early missionaries, the moulders of our present-day civilization. The monk, no matter what the hue of his garment, was truly the father of civilization, and his exemplary life was the pillar of fire that led the barbarous races into the promised land of Civilization.

This issue also contains an article on the whole souled, genial Robert Burns, or rather on the influences that shaped his poetical genius. Were the article not so prepossessing in general arrangement we would take as kindly to it. We have a due veneration for the Shakespeare of the Bonny Highlands and glean all information concerning him with the enthusiasm of a true admirer. Nature's font was truly the source from which he quaffed the purest thoughts which he voiced often in the provincial, unpolished dialect of his beloved Scotia. While it must be admitted that he was equipped for his short literary career by

Ramsay, Pope, Addison, Shenstone, etc., but, as the writer of the article says: "As water confined beneath the solid rock surges up until it finds a crevice through which it spouts into a crystal spring," so it was with Burns, the poetic crystals bubbling in his soul were bound to find an outlet.

„The Spanish Missionaries" conveys the idea we were looking for in the previous essay on Monasticism. The author is correct when he says that historians sometimes distort the truth due to their following the prejudiced writers of other times. However, his lucid description of the deeds of those holy men is pleasing and, he shows that the good work done by man is not always interred with his bones.

PURPLE AND WHITE. Spalding Institute, Peoria, Ill.
December, 1908.

"Disguise" in the "St. Joseph's Collegian" is quite to the point. It emphasizes in a rather unique way the saying of the poet: "This world is all a fleeting show."

THE COLLEGIAN. St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal.
December 1908.

The contributors to the "St. Joseph's Collegian" are to be commended on the good taste of the subjects treated and the amount of research shown in several of the articles. "Monasticism, the Mother of Civilization," "Literary Influences That Wrought on Burns," "Christian Liberty" and "The Spanish Missionaries" are all written in an instructive and interesting style that would meet with the approbation of the severest critics. The articles are well interspersed and balanced with snatches of verse, lightsome and otherwise. The one short story in the November issue does not, in our opinion, add to the paper.

THE MANHATTAN QUARTERLY. Manhattan College,
New York. January, 1909.

Replete with erudite and well chosen articles, the "St. Joseph's Collegian" finds an honored place on our table of exchanges. "Monasticism" is treated in a masterly manner. "Literary Influences that Wrought on Burns" reflects credit upon the writer. This is one of our best exchanges and we hope that subsequent issues may equal and even surpass the present number.

THE LORETTINE. Loretto Academy, Kansas City, Mo.
April, 1909.

In the "St. Joseph's Collegian" are several splendid essays. "About Slang" and "The Parallel between Poe and De Quincey," are well developed, and the "Wandering Jew", is a pleasing account of one of the most interesting legendary characters. "A Voice of Spring" is an

article of literary worth, bringing to your notice the place of Rene Bazin in the French literature of to-day. The poems entitled "Toiling Onward" and "The Hoar Frost" are worthy of mention.

THE EXPONENT. St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, Ohio, May, 1909.

A very pretty story is "Easter Lilies" in the "St. Joseph's Collegian," in which sweet charity and Easter spirit prevail. "Washington's Attitude to the Catholic Church" contains many decisive facts showing Washington's partiality toward Catholicism. The "Splendor Veri" and other, together with several poems on various subjects, tend to make the "Collegian" a very creditable publication.

THE LABARUM. Mt. St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Ia. April, 1909.

A manly journal is the "St. Joseph's Collegian." It deserves most favorable criticism, as every article is commendable. Two exceedingly good stories, "Bill's Reception" and the "Sunshine of Love," appear on its pages. The latter appealed especially to us. The essays are solid and interesting; and if you are interested in future famous poets of America, keep your eye on Leo Faurot, '09.

THE FLEUR DE LIS. St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. May, 1909.

The "St. Joseph's Collegian" for April is exceptionally good. It is truly a college magazine, not a bulletin or chronicle of school happenings. Among the contributions to this number is a striking and beautiful article on the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The article is entitled "Splendor Veri," and will appeal to Catholic and non-Catholic alike. To the one it brings forcibly the thought of the great privilege he enjoys in participating in those sacred ceremonies, and to the other it is an explanation of services which, while always considered beautiful, are not always understood.

THE SCHOOLMAN. St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont. May, 1909.

The "St. Joseph's Collegian," for April, is a well-written edition. The first article, "The Splendor Veri," contains an educational argument, well clothed in fitting persuasive language. The writer plainly shows the efficacy of Catholic ceremonies. We would sum up the argument concerning the ceremonies of the Church in the writer's words: "Everywhere we find the spirit of Christ; we find that the external life of the Church is but an expression of her inward truth and beauty."

"Tennyson, the Herald of the Age," is a fitting title, well defended by the writer, while "A Visit to the Mardi Gras" is an interesting com-

position. "Washington's Attitude to the Church," and "Donoso Cortez" are well penned articles.

Every lover of literature could certainly delight in the perfectly literary department in the "Collegian", headed "Parerga," "The Reward of Virtue, Fluctuation, Poetry and Music, Seclusion," contain expression of beautiful thoughts.

THE COLLEGE SPOKESMAN. St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Ia. June 1909.

"St. Joseph's Collegian" is attractive in its variety. The ceremonials of the Church, as reflectors of the truth within, are defended in "The Splendor Veri." These symbols mean but little to non-Catholics, and to most of them they appear as practice of superstition. If every Catholic were able to explain the beautiful harmony of it all, the day of "one flock and one Shepherd" would be hastened. The "Idylls of the King" receive an interpretation in "Tennyson, the Herald of the Age." The great poet is made to be a philosopher and produce a tract on "The soul: Whence? Whither?" When we regard old King Arthur as a wandering soul and bind this teaching to the wealth of imagery in the lines, the "Idylls" certainly become a treasure. Minds truly great must ever appreciate the truth; we are more ready to call our country's father great when we are told of "Washington's Attitude to the Catholic Church." Though brought up in environments of bigotry, his maturer judgment softened him to fairer religious toleration. The department "Parerga," publishing the lesser efforts of the English classes, should incite the upper classmen to keep their little "Common-PlaceBooks in good shape. In this section, two sketches of mental states, "Fluctuation" and "Dream Children," are pleasant in their reflective spirit.



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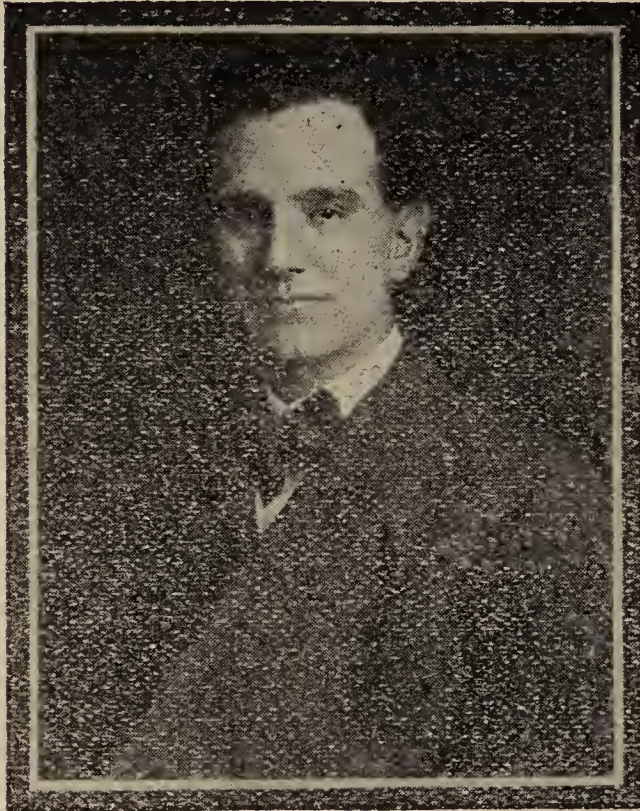
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